

## Real Estate Transfers.

Albert C. Aber to W. S. Hoggatt, Salem tp, 5a, \$1.  
 Carlton Chaney et al to Joseph Chaney, Salem tp, 78a, \$1500.  
 William Hetherington to Lavenia Lewis, Concord tp, 5a, \$1.  
 Peter Lamb to Albert Minor, Leesburg, lot, \$1.  
 R. P. Barrett to E. R. Johnson et al, Fairfield tp, lot, \$1.  
 E. G. Buckley to S. W. Burgess, Fairfield tp, 34a, \$1.  
 Flora A. McConaughy to V. B. McConaughy, Washington tp, lot, \$1.  
 V. B. McConaughy to G. F. Chaney, Washington tp, 1a, \$100.  
 R. C. Stanley to U. S. Stanley, Brushcreek tp, 10a, \$1.  
 Charles R. Ennis to J. S. Edwin Pinkerton, Greenfield, lot, \$1.  
 Clinton O'Brian to O. R. McCullough, Greenfield, lot, \$1.  
 Coke L. Doster admr to R. J. Jones, Greenfield, lot, \$610.  
 Edmond C. Van Pelt et al to M. E. Priddy, Greenfield, lot, \$1.  
 Jennie Woodmansee to Ellis Hoskins, Highland, lot, \$1.  
 E. C. McWilliams to James R. Smith, Greenfield, lot, \$1.  
 Warren Morrow to A. J. Bateman, Union tp, 30a, \$1800.  
 Irwin Dunlap to J. S. Riley, Greenfield, lot, \$1.  
 H. W. Konneker to Gertrude Pommer, Greenfield, lot, \$1.  
 C. E. Hoover to America E. Hoover, Jackson tp, 62a, \$1.  
 William E. Davidson to Molancthon Long, Hamer tp, 7a, \$1300.  
 Luana Marshall et al to Roy A. Parrish, Madison tp, 77a, \$1.

## RAINSBORO.

May 12, 1913.

Miss Elva Davis, of Cincinnati, was the guest of her parents, here over Sunday.  
 Miss Melba Cameron, of Cynthiana, has been visiting relatives here the past week.  
 There will be an ice cream supper at Rocky Fork Chapel on Saturday night of this week to which the public is invited.  
 John Redkey, of Hillsboro, spent Sunday with his parents here.  
 Miss Grace Glenn, of Columbus, was the guest of her mother here from Friday until Monday.  
 Miss Lucia Davis, of Moscow, Idaho, is home after an absence of two years.  
 Mrs. J. A. Beaver is a delegate to the County Sunday School Convention at Leesburg this week.  
 The Aid Society will hold their annual election at the M. E. church on Thursday afternoon.  
 Miss Grace Johnson, of Marathon, was the guest of W. E. Shriver over Sunday.  
 Miss Eva Redkey left Sunday to spend the summer vacation with friends near Dallas.  
 Miss Kathryn Waddell, of Bainbridge, has been visiting relatives here.  
 Supt. Robert W. McCullough left today for a visit with home folks at Burbank.  
 L. Kelley and wife, of Cynthiana, were the guests of friends here on Sunday.  
 Mr. Barnes and Miss Bessie Dalley, of Washington C. H., have been spending a few days at the home of E. P. Carter.  
 Messrs Vance, Winkle and Pearce, of Hillsboro, attended the school picnic here, on Saturday.  
 The Board of Education have voted to issue bonds for the building of an addition to the school house at this place.  
 The heavy freeze of Saturday and Sunday nights did a great deal of damage to the fruit and early vegetables in this section.  
 Horace Roads and Mrs. Josephine Sams have purchased new Overland cars.  
 A large number of probationers received baptism and were taken into full membership at the M. E. church on Sunday morning.  
 The K. of P. Hall was crowded to the limit last Friday night to witness the graduating exercises of our public school. The members of the class were Eva Pearce, Grace Watts, Floyd Ivers, Joseph Mason, Eugene Hixson, Homer Roads, Floyd Clyborne and Lindley Carter. Class address by Prof. H. W. Boyd, of Columbus and music by Price's Orchestra. The diplomas were presented by Supt. McCullough.

## Notice!

John Pfarr will clean and press and mend that suit until it will look as good as new. I also do dry cleaning. Give me a call. Brunner's Shoe Shop.  
 "It did Jack no good to marry his stenographer for she continued the habit of the office in their home."  
 "How so?"  
 "When he starts to dictate she takes him down."—Tit Bits.  
 Booz is the name of the beer-like beverage made in Russia from millet. It has a pleasant taste.

## Aunt Hannah and Jack

By M. QUAD

Copyright, 1913, by Associated Literary Press.

You may have read a dozen stories about misers and other folks who trusted banks and kept their money in the house to lose it at the hands of robbers, but you have never read of Aunt Hannah Day, though she was just that sort of person. She was a widow and had passed the middle age and had a little farm near a village where she lived and hired a man to work it.  
 Aunt Hannah wasn't a miser, though she was known to be stingy and to be suspicious of every one that came along. Her first thought toward a stranger was to ask herself if he was after the money, for she kept money in the house. While her husband was still alive a bank had failed on them, and they had lost \$1,000. From that date on the woman had looked upon every banker as a robber.  
 In one way and another Aunt Hannah had got together \$3,000 in gold. She had buried it down in the cellar in a fruit jar, but she didn't believe she would ever receive a visit from robbers. When people warned her that she was running a great risk she replied:  
 "Oh, la, la! If robbers ever should come I'll make 'em a cup of ginger tea and ask them to please go along and not bother an old woman. Robbers have mothers as well as other folks, and when they see my gray hair and wrinkled face they'll think of their own mothers and not harm me."  
 One day there came tolling up the long hill on whose crest stood Aunt Hannah's rather gloomy house a boy about fourteen years old. He was ragged and hungry. He was a city wail who had left the city behind and was tramping. He saw Aunt Hannah in her cucumber patch and opened the gate.  
 "Well, bub?" she queried in her brisk way.  
 "I want to live with you for awhile," was the reply.  
 "But you have a lazy look about you."  
 "Gimme something to do and see how I'll make the dirt fly!"  
 After a few more questions and answers he was given a slice of bread and butter and set to work.  
 Aunt Hannah had always figured that if robbers came it would be at midnight and that there would be three of them and each wearing a black mask. She had written down and then committed to memory the very first words she was going to speak when she found them bending over her bed and flashing the light from a dark lantern in her eyes.  
 Jack had a bed in the garret, which was not a bad sort of place, while Aunt Hannah had a bedroom on the first floor. The tired boy was always in bed at 8 o'clock, but the woman waited an hour longer before winding the clock and retiring. One evening at half past 8, as she sat sewing, the door opened and two men entered. No masks. No dark lantern. They didn't look a bit like robbers.  
 "Madam," said one, and he smiled when he said it, "we have come for that money!"  
 Aunt Hannah's robbers had come at last; but, alas for her, her program had been all knocked out. She was so frightened that she was tongue-tied for the next three minutes. She just sat and stared at them and wondered if she had grown deaf and misunderstood their words.  
 "Will you hand over the money?"  
 "No, I'll be snuffed if I will!" she exclaimed as she suddenly found her voice and at the same time began to struggle.  
 In fifteen seconds she had a gag in her mouth and one of the men was saying:  
 "Too bad, isn't it? We thought the old lady would see things in the right light. Guess we'll have to hurt her after all!"  
 Five minutes after Jack had gone to bed he was asleep. That sleep lasted about twenty minutes, and then a touch of cold woke him up. He had been eating green apples all the afternoon to make him grow. The hired man had told him it was a sure thing. He didn't get out of bed at the first twinge, but at about the tenth. He would go downstairs and 'fess up to Aunt Hannah and get a remedy. He got so far on his way as to know that there were strangers in the sitting room and that one of them was saying to the widow:  
 "We should hate to burn the soles of her feet with lighted matches, but we must have that money!"  
 Jack scuttled back upstairs and from a back window dropped to the roof of the kitchen and thence to the ground. Half a mile away was a farmer who was cutting his meadows and had five or six harvest hands at the house. The distance was covered in short order, and the laborers turned out with guns and pitchforks.  
 She had just got one blister when the harvest hands arrived. There was a hot fight for five minutes, and then one of the robbers was captured and the other made his escape. Jack came in after the affair was over, and Aunt Hannah tried to embrace him and tell him what nice things she was going to do for him, but his reply was:  
 "It's me for the road again. I can't stand colle and robbers on the same sight, and that blister on your foot is goin' to keep you yellin' at somebody for a month to come!"  
 And he turned his back on the crowd and walked away into the darkness, whistling as he went.

## A Modest Girl With Long Hair

By SADIE OLCOTT

"I heered you was goin' to be married, Jake. What kind of a gal you goin' to git?"  
 "As purty as a peach, Tom, and as modest and gentle as a dove. That's what drew me, her modesty. Can't anybody look at her without her blushing all over?"  
 "Humph!" grunted Tom.  
 "Reckon you don't count much on a woman's bein' so modest as that, do you?"  
 "Jake, I'm goin' to answer your question by tellin' you a story. Once I had to go down to Denver to get some payin' done. I had struck some dirt that I thought might pan out purty good. So I took some chunks with me and started on my own horse. When I got within ten miles or so of the city it was gettin' dark, and I put up at a tavern. My room was in an L to the buildin', and I could look right across to another L and into a window, where there was a gal standin' before a lookin' glass combin' her hair. And, her room bein' lower than mine, I could see just how long it was. It reached to the floor and was thick as a sheaf o' wheat.  
 "If there's a feature about a woman to please your humble servant it's a fine head of hair. And this gal's was glossy and wavy as the surface of a lake, and it shined under the light o' them kerosene lamps to beat the band. I fell in love with her at once—or, rather, I fell in love with her hair—and I vowed I wouldn't leave the place till I'd made her acquaintance.  
 "The next mornin' I saw her go out and walk up the road. I jist went after her, and when I caught up with her I says, says I:  
 "It's a fine mornin', miss."  
 "She looked down at the ground and didn't say nothin', so I said some more:  
 "No offense, miss. I'm a miner from up around Georgetown, purty rough, but honest. I saw you combin' that wonderful head o' hair o' yourn, and—"  
 "Did you?" she said, kind o' frightened-like.  
 "Yes. You don't mind a man seein' you with it unloosed, do you?"  
 "Ladies don't usually appear before gentlemen that way," she said, so modest-like that I wanted to put redhot poker in my eyes for lookin' at it, and I told her that her hair was so splendid that she'd ought to wear it down her back all the time. I asked her if I couldn't walk a ways with her, and she said she wasn't used to walkin' with gentlemen as she hadn't been introduced to, but I looked so good and kind and nice that she would not mind my walkin' a little ways.  
 "Waal, I got to tellin' her about what brought me to Denver, and she looked kind o' interested when I told her I thought I'd struck payin' dirt. She said for my sake she hoped I wouldn't be disappointed. We was talkin' when we came to a puddle, and she waited while I went ahead, for she had to lift her skirt a couple of inches, and she was so modest that she wouldn't let me see her foot. So, you see, I had two things to love, her hair and her modesty, and there was even more of the last than the first.  
 "We walked some time together, and I was gettin' more and more in love all the time. But blimey she came to a house and went in, so I had to leave her at the door. I kep' watch to see her combin' her hair ag'in, and toward evenin' she went into her room and took the hair down, and just as I was beginnin' to feast my eyes on it she closed the blinds.  
 "Now, if that wasn't modesty I don't know what you'd call it.  
 "The next mornin' I saw her go out ag'in and joined her ag'in, tellin' her that I was goin' into town to get my samples assayed. She said she hoped they'd turn out well and I must let her know I took the samples into Denver and left 'em there, to call for 'em in two days. While I was a-waitin' I saw a lot o' the gal with the long hair and did some courtin'—that is, I would 'a' done it if she hadn't been so deuced modest. I accidentally touched her hand once, and I thought she was goin' to have a fit.  
 "When I went into Denver to get the assayer's report on my samples he told me there was not enough gold in a ton to buy a plug o' tobacco. I went back disappointed, but by this time I was so dead in love that I didn't mind my setback in the other matter. I confided what the assayer said to the gal, and that was the last I saw of her in those parts. Where she went I didn't know, but it was plain she didn't have any use for a miner without a mine.  
 "I had a friend in Denver, so I went in there to borrow enough money to get back to camp. While I was walkin' up the main street where all the shops is I saw a crowd before a window. I went to see what was goin' on, and standin' there in the window with her hair hangin' down to her heels was the gal I'd fallen in love with, principally for her modesty, while a feller stood before the shop pointin' her out as havin' growed her hair by usin' Dr. Thinsamagig's hair restorer.  
 "I don't want to discourage you, Jake, but when them gals is too deuced modest just you look out for 'em."  
 "Is that a true story, Tom?" asked Jake.  
 "True as gospel."  
 "What do you s'pose made her put on all that?"  
 "I dunno. Reckon you'll find out what they do it for, seein' you're goin' to get one o' 'em."

—YOU—  
Will Be the Gainer

I want to show you the largest and best line of suits to select from in Highland county.

IT WILL PAY YOU  
To call and look the line over and getTHE BEST QUALITIES,  
THE BEST FITS,  
The LATEST STYLES,  
THE LOWEST PRICESSam R. Free  
THE EXCLUSIVE CLOTHIER  
FREE'S CORNER, HILLSBORO, O.

## HOLLOWTOWN.

May 12, 1913.

Mrs. Henry Coffman and daughter, Erma, of Hillsboro, are visiting J. W. Morgan and wife.  
 Preparation are being made for Childrens services at this place.  
 Mrs. Dexter Carpenter and son, Claude, were guests of Leonard Carpenter and wife, Saturday night.  
 H. W. Tedrick is now in Norwood.  
 John Fender, of Weeping Willow, and Roy Tedrick were in Hillsboro Saturday.  
 C. E. King, of Cincinnati, who was called home by the serious illness of his mother, returned Wednesday.  
 John H. Bradley and Vance Tolle, of Buford, were guests of H. C. Vance and wife one day last week.  
 Amiel Marconet and wife spent Sunday at Wm. McLaughlin's.  
 Earl Marconet and wife were entertained by John McConaughy and wife, at Danville, Sunday.  
 Mrs. Malinda King is no better.  
 Harley Vance and family were calling here Sunday.  
 A. D. Hess was selected as delegate to the Sunday School convention to be held at Leesburg, May 16 and 17.  
 Mrs. Ethel Roush is spending this summer with Dexter Carpenter and family, while her husband is supplying the farmers of Indiana and Illinois with chairs.  
 Miss Nettie Morgan, who is making her home at Perry Moberly's, took dinner with J. W. Morgan and wife, Sunday.  
 Mrs. Mory Moser returned to her home at Middletown Saturday. While visiting at C. G. Sander's her son, John, was kicked by a horse but not seriously hurt.

## Fourth of July Celebration.

A big 4th of July Celebration will be held on Sardinia Fair Grounds. Two good races, motorcycle race, two ball games, fire works at night, good music.  
 J. H. BRADLEY,  
 Buford.

Menthol is now \$23 a pound. Recently it was only \$3. The supply is "concerned."

German manufacturers of velvet have combined in a huge syndicate.

A method of hardening gold and silver by introducing a small amount of titanium as an alloy has been patented by a New York corporation.

In January 192,355 barrels of flour were shipped from the port of Philadelphia.

Detroit has a dog-catching automobile. It is a double-decker with 22 compartments.

Master (to new servant)—Why do you always ring that small bell after ringing the regular dinner bell?  
 New Servant—That's to call the children, sir.—Los Angeles Examiner.

"How are you getting on?"  
 "Oh! just keeping my neck above water."  
 "H'm, so I should think by the color of it."—London Mail.

Graduation and Wedding Gifts  
In Endless Variety

Whether you wish to spend little or much, you can find here a remembrance of exquisite design and practical value which will delight the heart of any graduate or bride.

Rich, heavy Cut Glass, Vases, Bon Bons, Olives, Mayonaise Sets, Creams and Sugars, Nappies, Orange Bowls, Ice Cream Trays, Etc., from 50c to \$7.00.

Lovely hand painted China, Vases, Plates, Salads, Chop Plates, Celery Trays, Bon Bons, etc., 25c to \$6.00.

Water Sets, \$1.50 to \$4.50.

Toilet Sets, genuine ebony, sterling silver and quadruple plate, from \$2.75 to \$6.50.

1847 Roger's Tripple Plate Flat Silver, or the beautiful Community patterns, make most acceptable and useful gifts.

Sterling Silver Souvenir Spoons in exclusive designs, prices extremely low.

Nothing would please the sweet girl graduate more than one of those beautiful Mesh Bags, genuine sterling silver dipped, ranging in price from \$1.00 to \$5.00.

Our Book department is very attractive, with beautiful illuminated booklets from 10c to \$1.00.

Ooze Leathers, hand decorated, Padded Leathers, 75c to \$1.25.

Poets and Classics in fancy bindings, 35c to \$1.25.

Popular Fiction, 50c to \$1.50.

Many other articles suitable to this season of gift making.

COME EARLY TO GET A CHOICE SELECTION.

Cooper's Department Store

BOTH PHONES

We Give S. &amp; H. Green Trading